

THE DEMOCRAT.

"Our Federal Union—it shall be preserved"

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI.

SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1852.

DEMOCRATIC ELECTORAL TICKET, For President and Vice President.

FOR THE STATE AT LARGE.

E. C. WILKINSON, A. M. JACKSON,
W. H. JOHNSON.

DISTRICTS.

J. H. R. TAYLOR, 1st DISTRICT,
W. S. FEATHERSTON, 2d DISTRICT,
O. R. SINGLETON, 3d DISTRICT,
H. R. CASIDY, 4th DISTRICT.

BY S. E. COHEN, Esq., of Philadelphia, is
our authorized Agent to receive advertisements in
this city, and remit for the same.

CAMPAIGN DEMOCRAT.

We propose to issue a campaign paper until
after the Presidential election, upon the follow-
ing terms:

For a single copy,	\$1 00
For twelve copies,	10 00
For twenty copies,	15 00
For thirty copies,	20 00

Those who wish to subscribe will please send
in their orders previous to the 29th of June next,
at about which time the political campaign will
be opened.

Subscription to be paid in all cases in ad-
vance.

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.—We made a
mistake last week in saying that the Baltimore
Democratic Convention would meet on the 1st
Monday, 7th of June. We should have said the
1st day of June, next Tuesday. Our young
friends, Capt. Backdale and E. B. FORT, Esq.,
delegates from this county, left here in full time
to be present at the opening of the Convention.
They both promised to telegraph us immediately
after the nominations are made, and we shall
probably be enabled next week to give the in-
formation to our readers, which we will put out
in an extra as soon as the despatch reaches us.
There are various aspirants for the Presidency.
Cass and Buchanan seem to be the two most
prominent. Some seem to think that they will be
both cast aside, after the first two or three ballot-
ings, should neither of them get a two-thirds
vote, and a new man taken up in their stead.—
But it would be useless to make any conjectures
about the matter, as we shall pretty certainly
know the result in a few days.

OUR BOOK TABLE.

We are in receipt of some quite interesting
periodicals this week, among them is one which
we have not been in exchange with for the last
nine years, we mean

The Democratic Review, the last three num-
bers of which have just been laid on our table.
The "Democratic" has recently changed Propri-
etors and Editors too, for it is no more like its
former self than the man in the moon is like a
green cheese. Whether it has improved under
its new regime, we cannot at the present writing
say, for we have had time only to look hurriedly
over one of the articles in the March number,
entitled, "Congress, the President and the Re-
view." It is bitterly caustic upon Mr. Breckin-
ridge, of Ky., also upon the course which the
Review formerly pursued. The writer goes it
strong for "young America," and is severe upon
him who calls *fogginess*, a word which has no de-
finite idea attached to it. It is neither English,
French, German, high Dutch nor low Dutch;
but is simply a low, slang phrase of the black-
guard order, like the term *bona fide*, and is better
suited to the region of the "five points," than the
dignified columns of a Review. The reviewer
is evidently on most excellent terms with him-
self, and thinks he is the greatest man of all crea-
tion for throwing monsters—taking them by the
throat and crushing them. Hear him:

"We determined to approach the hoary mon-
ster (Old Fogginess) in his very strong hold. To
take him by the throat, turn his own guns and
weapons, and by one bold word crush him. And
we have done it. We seized him by the throat
in his own ancient castle; and said, 'Old
Humbug, *fogginess*!'—'Lie, that thou art—ven-
erable fogginess—distinguished statesman-ship, go,
anathema!'—'Fogginess, *lie* and *anathema*!'—that
is, 'go to Jericho!' There we have it in tran-
scendental style! 'Get out of the way old
Tucker!' The article is certainly written with
decided ability, and shows much learning as well
as wit. It is somewhat after the style of the
late Mr. Jeffries of the *Edinburgh Review*, but is
wanting in his dignity. Such articles are al-
ways calculated to do mischief rather than good.
We mean not to depreciate the merits of the
"Democratic." By no means. We have the
highest opinion of the eminent ability with which
it is conducted. But we should like to see
a little more of the amiable thrown into its col-
umns. We thank the publisher, D. W. HOLLY,
Esq., for tossing us with an exchange, and we
hope he will keep it up.

Sartain's Magazine for June is a very fine
number. The engravings are indeed charming,
and it contains in "Puck's Portfolio" some very
amusing dark etchings, in which the French cat
except monstrosities, the "little mouse," and the
"devil," figure conspicuously. It purports to be
a "quaint Allegory, setting forth the life of
Louis Napoleon, and the fate of France, since
her last President. Pleasant to behold
and profitable to peruse." With the caption,
"Comment it is amended." Well, we commend
it, and won't try to "amend" it. We have been
laughing over it for some time. Want of leisure
has prevented us from reading any of the articles
in this number, but we have looked over the
table of contents and find it quite rich. Some of

the articles we have marked for future per-
usal.

The Southern Magazine for May, (published
in Mobile monthly at \$1 per annum) maintains
its high character. It contains several well
written articles and some pretty poetry. The
work is destined to become popular. It is yet
in its infancy, having only reached its 5th num-
ber. The Editor, we see, has given a brief re-
view of the poet Moore. He expresses exactly
the same opinion of Moore that we did a few
weeks ago, only like the Liverpool Editor, he
ranks him too high in the grade of poets. He
speaks of his *Lalla Rookh* as among the master-
pieces of poetical production, and says, "it stands
unrivaled." Now in our opinion it not only
stands rivaled, but as an eastern tale is far sur-
passed by Byron's *Mazrûp* and *Bride of Abydos*.
We have admitted its beauties and brilli-
ancy, but we deny that it has any depth or pro-
ficiency of thought, and if Moore had to rely upon
his *Lalla Rookh* alone for fame, he would soon
be numbered among the countless and now for-
gotten throng that have worshipped at the shrine
of the Castalian fount. The truth is, Moore
must depend for immortality chiefly on his melo-
dies, which will live as long as the human lan-
guage exists, or music and fine sentiment have
powers to charm the soul of man or woman.—
The Editor says "The Epicurean" holds the high-
est place in his prose writings. Now, really
none of his prose writings hold a high place, and
to our mind, the *Epicurean* least of all. There is
something of givensness in it, 'tis true; but
there is neither point nor wit, moral nor purpose
in it. The tale is already dead as a literary pro-
duction, and no body reads it. We believe it is
out of print. But the editorial article upon
which we have been commenting is quite well
written and strikes as being right in the main.
We would again commend the Southern Maga-
zine to the patronage of a Southern public.

We expect to get the Harpers, Godey, Gra-
ham, Peterson and the foreign magazines in a
few days. They have been delayed unusually
long.

GOV. FOOTE'S SPECIAL MESSAGE

Transmitting to the Senate and House of Repre-
sentatives the New Jersey resolutions.

We publish on our first page Gov. Foote's
special message to the legislature. We do this
as an act of justice to the Governor, for he has
been much misunderstood and misrepresented in
regard to this same message. We can see nothing
improper in the act. On the contrary we think
he only discharged his duty in a frank and manly
way. To borrow the language of the Flag of the
Union:

"This manly and patriotic document will be
found in our columns to day. It is transferred
from the printed Legislative Journals, for the
purpose of gratifying the curiosity of our readers,
and of doing justice to its author, who, it will be
recalled, had to encounter much reproach last
winter for presuming to send it in. We ask an
unprejudiced perusal of it at this time, being sat-
isfied that no fair minded man can read it, with
the lights which recent events have thrown upon
the subject discussed in it, without being equally
struck with the moderation and the liberality
of its tone and the soundness of the views set
forth in it. It will be observed, that in commu-
nicating to the two Houses of the Mississippi
Legislature, the resolutions of the Legislature of
New Jersey, Governor Foote only complied with
a formal request of the Governor of that State,
and in recommending the adoption of resolutions
on the subject of the Compromise, he did not
urge upon the Mississippi Legislature anything
beyond a simple acquiescence in those measures,
as existing legal enactments."

Hon. A. G. Brown.—We are indebted to
Ex Gov. Brown for a copy of his speech deliv-
ered in the House of Representatives, the 28th
of April last, on the Homestead Bill. It is quite
an able effort. Although differing widely with
Gov. Brown on the great question at issue in
this State, last year, we know he has never lost
confidence in our political integrity and devotion
to principle. Others may have deserted us, simply
because our views did not happen to square with
their, but he never has and never will. We
have actually received more favors from him in
the way of congressional documents, speeches,
&c., during the present session, than from any
other member of Congress. We cannot refrain
making the following extract from the speech
before us. It is a brief autobiography. We think
we read the principal facts stated by the
speaker, some years ago, in the Democratic
Review:

"I know something Mr. Chairman, of squatter
life. It was my fortune to have been raised to a
new and unsettled country. I know something
of the toils and hardships, and privations en-
countered by the squatters. I shall not de-
tain you with a recital of all that I have seen
and heard, and felt. One incident I may relate.
I will tell you why my heart is with these people.
When I was a boy—a very little boy—an hon-
est, but poor man, settled—squatted in a better
word—in the country where I yet reside. Re-
moving from South Carolina, he pitched his tent
amid the dead of winter. He had two sons able
to work. He was in a strange land, without
money and without friends. But with an iron
will, such as none but squatters have, he attacked
the forest. It receded before him, and in
three short months the sun, which had been shut
out for many centuries, was permitted to shine
on a spot of earth in which the squatter had
planted corn. Day by day he might have been
seen following his plow, while his two sons
planted the hoe. Time brought him bread, and he
raised up his sons to know, as Heaven's wise
decree, that 'by the sweat of their brows they
should gain their bread.' Industry and economy
brought not wealth, but a competency. The
elder of the two sons followed the example of
the father, and cultivated the soil. Fortune
smiled and he prospered. The younger, with
such moderate qualification as a frontier country
could afford, studied law and practiced with
success. In an evil hour for his private fortune,
he was drawn into politics. He was elected to
the State Legislature, to Congress, Judge of the
circuit court, Governor of the State, to Congress
again and again, but he never forgot he was
the squatter's son. He stands before you as
the humble advocate of the squatter's
rights.

A TALK WITH MY OLD FRIENDS.

I come before you once more to give you a
friendly and cordial chat. Let us sit down and
reason together. I again beg you, hear me for
my cause and for yours also.

I stated, last week, that I would, in this day's
issue, explain the reason why I did not sooner
boast the names of the democratic electors, nomi-
nated by the 8th of January convention. I will
go a little further and briefly show why I placed
those names at the head of our columns at the par-
ticular time I did.

You will remember, doubtless, that this con-
vention was composed of men, nearly all of
whom were opposed to my course during the
campaign last year. I carefully noted their acts
and the speeches of several members, and I
must candidly tell you I did not like their tone
and bearing. I mistrusted them, and saw or
thought I saw a disposition on the part of the
convention to outdo every union democrat.—
In this I am now satisfied I was mistaken, I feel
that I did them injustice, and that their ruling
object was to re-nite the party upon the old
platform. I thought that there was too much
asperity manifested by the speakers, but this I
am willing to forget and forgive. Thinking
however as I did at the time, I felt that an im-
mediate endorsement of their acts and proceed-
ings, would be a virtual condemnation of my own
course. I determined to watch and wait, and not
take any decisive action until after the Balti-
more Convention had made the nominations. I
always think and act for myself—no man or set
of men shall control my course, and although I
acknowledge, in general, the blinding force of
party discipline, and have, on almost every oc-
casion, submitted to its behests, there are yet
instances, in which I reserve the freedom of self
independent action. The proceedings of the
8th of January convention, I felt, at the time,
presented such an instance, and hence my course.
Such was my reason for refusing at once to let
the names of the democratic nominees at the head
of our columns. I hope it will be satisfactory to
you, my friends.

And now, I will explain the reason why I ad-
opted the electoral ticket at the particular time
that I did. I saw it announced some days previous
that W. H. Johnson had been nominated by the
central committee to fill the vacancy on the elec-
toral ticket. Mr. Johnson, I know, to be a sound
union democrat. He was the President of the
Union Convention of the 5th of January, and is a
man of decided ability. This act of the commit-
tee, satisfied me. I felt that the breach in our
ranks was healed, if we would only be prudent
and avoid all future crimination and reprimand.
I plainly saw that the time for action
on my part had come, and I immediately took up
the ticket. Did I not act wisely, my friends?
I think, upon reflection, you will admit that I
did. A pretty long experience in political life
has taught me when and how to strike, and I al-
ways do it without the fear of personal conse-
quences, having only principle and the good of
my country at heart. Besides, there was another
consideration which influenced me: Two
Baltimore convention was about to meet—its
nominations were soon to be made, and after
calm reflection, I concluded that to stand off any
longer would be a time serving policy, manifi-
esting a selfish disposition to wait until I could
see how the current ran, in order that I might be
able to swim with it. I never act upon such a
policy. Strike the blow at the proper time, and
let the consequences take care of themselves, is
my maxim.

If the course I have marked out for myself
and am pursuing should displease any of my Union
friends, I shall be sorry for it. But I have
acted from an honest conviction, and from the best
consideration I have been able to give the subject.
I may have been wrong; time will soon show.
That I have disappointed one of my warm Union
friends is plain from the following letter which I
have just received:

MAON, May 25, 1852.

H. H. WORTHINGTON, Esq.,

DEAR SIR:—You and I have long worked
in the same political traces, we have both stood
by the fortunes of the democracy in triumph and
defeat. For twelve years I have been a constant
reader of your paper, and up to this period I be-
lieve we have never seriously differed. I re-
gret that now I am seriously to disagree
with you, on a point of expediency at least.—
The Democrat of the 22nd files at its mast head,
the names of the secession candidates for electors.
I feared that the premature giving in of
Col. Johnston, would exercise an unhappy in-
fluence over the fortunes of the union democ-
racy. So far as the more ticket is concerned,
I care but little about it, but will these fine eating
gentlemen support, unconditionally, the nominees
of the Baltimore Convention? Will Messrs.
Featherston and Singleton support Cass? They
may, but I doubt it. Now for myself I can truly
swear before the world, that I have never
suffered myself to think of pursuing any other
course than to give to the nominees of the Con-
vention a cordial and hearty support, but before
I pledge myself to a particular electoral ticket I
must know whether such ticket will stand by the
nominees; I do not like the way of going over to
the enemy, it looks bad—it is bad.

Look if you please at the course of the seces-
sionists, do they not day by day denounce every
man who differs from them? Do they not still
victor over Gen. Foote all the hatred that they dare?
Have they not in Congress joined the free-soilers,
to thwart the will of a majority of the party?—
Have they not driven Donelson from the Editor-
ship of the Union? In a word have they not
proscribed every man, where they dared attempt
it? Did they not violate the Constitution, in
winter to thwart the will of the people, simply
because they hated Gov. Foote. And now they
talk of a re-union of the democratic party!—
Out upon such bold hypocrisy—such jesuitical
professions. They gave us Johnson, but did
they have the grace to ask us, how we would
like to have him?

He, however, is on the ticket, and I will
only remark if his place is comfortable to him,
he must be a man of strange notions of agree-
ment. The truth is I have no confidence in the
professions of a party calling itself the dem-
ocratic party, that would appoint a man who

never faltered in his support of whig measures,
who was for Harrison, Clay, and Taylor, a dele-
gate to a National Democratic Convention, and
this 8th of January Convention did. The
party that could do this, will prove themselves
untrue to the nominee, in the event that Lewis
Cass should be the man, and especially should
the compromise be endorsed, which should in my
judgment be done.

I did not much like the looks of some of the
"features" made at the 5th of January Con-
vention. I thought then what I feel now, that the
decision to nominate an electoral ticket smacked
a little of *understanding*, it may be of bargain.
Strange agents occupy high places. I care not
a single fig who is in office, or out of it, provided
that he who is in, is honest, capable, faithful to
the Constitution, and true to the principles of the
democratic party. You may ask me if I do not
desire the re-union of the democracy? I an-
swer, yes; but on terms that are not degrading,
I cannot myself consent to be absorbed by a fac-
tion that you and I have denounced, and assume
a position of inferiority, besides the jeers and
glances daily thrust at us through their newspapers.
There is a wrong and a right way to do every-
thing—I despise indiscretion in every day affairs,
and I hate juggling and trickery in politics.—
This sort of *legendein* I will never consent to
uphold. I have written you this merely on the
spot of the occasion, simply to say that you
ought to know what course Messrs. Featherston
and Singleton, will pursue, should Cass be nomi-
nated, and the finality of the compromise en-
dorsed by the Convention, before you pledge
them your support. I mention the names of
these two gentlemen because I chance to know
something of the position of each of them a year
ago.

Your friend,

W. D. LYLES.

I have a few words to say to our old friend.
He is evidently in the querulous mood. I know
he is as true as steel in principle, but he some-
times lets his feelings get the better of his judg-
ment, and I am sure that there are some ex-
pressions in his letter, which upon calm reflection,
he will be disposed to blot out forever, like
the recording angel, when he carried up "my
uncle Toby's" oath to Heaven. There is a
mistake which runs through the whole of Dr.
Lyles' letter. It is this: He seems to think that
because we fly at our next head the names of
what he calls "the secession" candidates for electors,
we are unconditionally pledged to their support.
Not at all, my dear sir. That ticket must
cordially support General Cass, if he is nomi-
nated, or I will not support them. The less
flinching on their part, and I take down the tick-
et. I am not acquainted personally with Mr.
Singleton, and feel some delicacy in writing him,
but I have written Col. Featherston, and expect
his reply very soon, I believe they will both
plumb the track.

Your articles, Doctor, upon the Union of 5th
of January convention, are ill timed, I think, and
certainly in bad temper. That insinuation of
"a little understanding," it may be of bargain,"
comes, permit me to say it, most respectfully, not
with the best grace from you, who was a mem-
ber of the convention, who participated in its de-
bates and who endorsed its proceedings. I mean
no censure, my dear sir. You always
think freely and act boldly, and I honor and ad-
mire you for it. But you are often too tenacious
in your opinion, and wait in that complaint
disposition which occasions *indiscretion*—
indiscretion necessary in political struggles—I mean
not a compromise of principle, but a yielding when
minor points of mere expediency are concerned.

Now, in regard to the course of the Union
Convention of the 5th of January. I think they
acted very prudently and wisely. They left
the nominations of electors in abeyance for the
purpose of profiting by the chapter of accidents.
If they saw that a good democratic union, com-
promise man was nominated for the Presidency,
and any respectable ticket, pledged to his sup-
port, they would take it. The union democrats,
so far as regards the democratic party in the
State are confessedly in the minority, but they
hold the balance of power, and upon their pru-
dence will depend our success or defeat next
November. I, my friends, would earnestly
counsel union and conciliation among ourselves.
Let by goes be by goes. Let us forget the
past and look only to the future.

SANTA ANNA AND GEN. SCOTT.—The New
York Herald says:

"We have it from reliable authority that after
the first series of battles in front of the Mexican
capital, Santa Anna, in secret negotiation with
Gen. Scott, proposed to yield up the city an
easy conquest to the Americans, on condition that
Santa Anna should receive a million of dollars,
more or less, for the part which he proposed to
play."

"We further understand (it continues) That
Gen. Scott closed the bargain, and as a guaran-
tee of a *bona fide* contract, paid over the sum
of ten thousand dollars to Santa Anna, as the
first installment of the bargain and sale. We
are further advised, that Santa Anna thus secured
the Armistices from the 24th of August to the
8th of September, with the understanding that,
after a sham fight or so, to save appearances, he
would be turned over to the American army.
The subsequent most bloody battles, however,
show that Gen. Scott was egregiously humbug-
ged out of his money and his armistice, and that
he was as disengaged with the perfidious Mexi-
can, than, on being subsequently offered a mil-
lion and a quarter of dollars to turn traitor and
accept the dictatorship of Mexico, he rejected
the offer with scorn and contempt. To substan-
tiate the accuracy of these negotiations, we in-
dicate the accuracy of the correspondence upon the
subject may be had from the files of the War Of-
fice at Washington."

It is announced in one of the London papers
that Mr. Macaulay is preparing a new edition to
the two volumes of his History of England al-
ready issued, and that his publisher has called
in all the copies of the first edition to which he
can get access. This looks as if some impor-
tant alterations were to be made in the work.

The Washington correspondent of the Balti-
more Sun says:

The Cuba fever is rising higher than ever.—
The plan of invasion will be better arranged
than heretofore, and may, therefore, lead to
greater sacrifices of life, and a more deep in-
volvement of the country and the government in
the scheme and its consequences. I see.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE.

BY ELIHU RICHETT.

There are new developments of human char-
acter, which like the distant stars, are yet to visit
the eye of man and operate upon human soci-
ety. Ever since the image of God head was
first sketched in Eden, its great Author and an-
gels have been painting upon it; men have tried
their hands upon it; influences like the incessant
breath of Heaven, have left each its line upon
the canvass; still the finishing stroke of the pen-
cil will not be accomplished until the last linger-
ing survivor of the wreck of matter and the crash
of worlds is changed in the twinkling of an eye.

The hemisphere of the present age is studied
all over with such pearls and patines of bright
gold, as ever shone before in the heaven of the
human soul. In these latter days the waves of
time have washed up from depths that angels
never fathomed, gems of pure light serene than
ever time-faded, gems of the crown of man.
We are now but half way advanced in a new
cycle of human society. The race is but just
emerging from the long reaching shadows of an
iron age, and coming out into the starlight and
sunlight of new influences. If, as we are as-
sured, scores of new stars have taken rank with the
heavenly hosts, during the last two centuries,
stars brighter than they, have, in the same peri-
od, kindled up new lights in the moral firm-
ament. Among these new stars, one a little
lower than that of Bethlehem, has just appeared
above the horizon. It is the star of woman's in-
fluence. Influential woman is a being of scarcely
two centuries; up to that period, and almost
hitherto, her influence has fallen upon human
character and society, like the feeble rays of a
dying winter's sun upon polar fields of ice.—
But her sun is reaching upward. There is a
glorious meridian to which she shall as surely
come as to-morrow's sun will reach his in our
natural heavens. What man will be when she
shall smile on him then and thence, we are un-
able to divine, but we can find an anticipation
from the influences of her dawning rays. Her
morning light has glided the visions of human
hope, and silvered over the night shadows of hu-
man sorrow. There has been no depth of hu-
man misery beyond reach of her ameliorating
influences, to any height of human happiness
which she has not raised still higher. Who ever
has touched at either of these extremes, or at
any points could attest that neither height nor
depth nor principles, nor powers, nor things
present or to come, could divert to vitiate the
accents and any other of her love. Whether we
trace the lineaments of her character in the
mid twilight of her morning sun, or in the living
beams of her risen day, we find that she has
touched human society like an angel. It would
be irreverent to her worth to say, in what walks,
of life she has most walked like an angel of
light and love; in what vicissitudes, in what
joys or sorrows, in what situations or circum-
stances, she has most signally discharged the heav-
enly ministrations of her mission; what ordeals
have best brought out the radiance of her hid-
den jewels; what guilts of earthly bliss, or
furnaces of affliction, have best declared the
finesse of her gold. Still, there is a scene
which has escaped the "culture's eye," and almost
every other eye, where she has cast forth her
costliest pearls, and shown such qualities to her
native character as almost merit our adoration.
This scene has been allotted to the drunkard's
wife. How she has filled this most desperate
of humanity, will be revealed when the secrets
human life shall be disclosed to more worlds
than this. When the history of hovels, and of
murky garrets shall be given, when the career
of the enslaved inebriate shall be told, from the
first to the lowest degree of his degradation—
there will be a memorial made of woman, worthy
of being told and heard in heaven. From the
first moment she gave up her young and hoping
heart, and all its treasures into the hands of him
she loved, to the luckless hour when the charmer
wine, fastened around the loved one, the ser-
pent spells of its sorcery—down through all the
scrambling of her young born hopes—through
years of estrangement and strange insanity—
when harsh unkindness bit at her heart-strings
with an adder's tooth—thence down through
each successive depth of misery and disgrace,
until she bent over the drunkard's grave.—
Through all these scenes, a halo of divinity has
gathered around her, and stirred her to angel
deeds of love. When the maddened victim
tried to cut himself adrift from the sympathy and
society of God and man, she has clung to him
and held him to her heart with hooks of steel.
And when he was cast out, all defiled with his
leprous pollution—when he was reduced to such
a thing as the beasts of the field would bow at
—there was one who still kept him thronged in
her heart of hearts, who could say to the fal-
len, drivelling creature, "Although you are noth-
ing to the world you are all the world to me."
When that awful insanity of the drunkard set
upon him, with all its finished shapes of torture;
while he lay writhing beneath the scorpion
stings of the fiery phantasies and furies of delir-
ium tremens—there was a woman by his side,
endowed with all the attributes of love.

There was her tearful love beaming eye, that
never dimmed but with tears when the black
spirits were around him.
There she stood alone, and in lone hours
of night, to watch his breathings, with her heart,
traced up "with the omnipotence of her love."
No! brute as he was, not a tie which her young
heart had thrown around him in his bright days,
had ever given way, but had grown stronger as
he approached the nadir of his degradation. And
if he sank into that dark, hopeless grave, she en-
swathed him in her broken heart, and laid it in
his coffin; or if some mighty angel's voice or
arm brought him from the grave of drunkards
the deepest that was ever dug for man, he came
forth Lazarus-like, bound fast and forever in the
cerements of her deathful affection.

Such is her sceptre; such are her cords which
she throws around the wayward and wandering,
and leads him back to virtue and to heaven,
saying as she gives him in: "Here am I, and
whom thou lovest me."

MARRYING DRUNKARDS.—Young ladies, or
more elderly women, who contemplate marrying
at all, as most ladies do, ought to reflect seri-
ously, that in forming family relations, the drinking
habit must be excluded or misery, poverty, shame
and disgrace, are inevitable. We caution, in the
fear of God—may, whether rich or poor, ad-
vanced or uneducated, never to accept for a husband,
any man who drinks ardent spirits, however
moderately. And we warn all men addicted to
the vile habit of drinking to men, or even in
moderation, that is proposing marriage to a lady
properly informed, he insults her. The promise
of such a man, to love, protect, cherish and keep
her in sickness and health, is a mockery, if it
is fraud of the meanest kind, practiced upon
an unsuspecting, confiding, and innocent fe-
male? May heaven in infinite pity, save the
rising generation of females from that worst of
earthly afflictions—that source of all other de-
gations, DRUNKEN HUSBANDS?

INDIAN DIFFICULTIES IN CALIFORNIA.—Ac-

counts from San Diego to the 1st of April give
some important intelligence from the Colorado.
The San Diego Herald says:

"On the 4th ultimo Major Heintzelman dis-
patched Major Fitzgerald with sixty men, with
orders to proceed to the mouth of the Colorado,
and ascertain whether the "Sierra Nevada"
had arrived. At a point twenty-two miles above
the river a party of seven men, hunting up some
pack mules, were surprised and inhumanly kil-
led by a very large party of Indians armed with
clubs. The Indians, after processing them-
selves of the arms belonging to the murdered
party, amused themselves that night by firing
into the camp. The following are the names
of the men killed:

"Sergeant T. B. Taylor, privates Knott,
Stimmons, McLean, Betts and Boerles, of Com-
pany E, 1st Dragoons; D. B. McCoy, teamster,
quarter-master's department; private Mullins,
Company E, wounded."

"Finding the Indians in great force, Major
Heintzelman determined on forcing a passage to
the mouth of the river, which he accomplished
after great hard-fights and difficulties. For ten
miles the troops were compelled to wade thro'
water thigh deep."

A gentleman recently from Africa, while a
one of the civilized colonies on the coast, met a
young colored woman whom he had known in
Old Virginia, who had obtained her freedom for
good conduct, and had emigrated to Liberia.
"Where are you traveling to, Mary?" said the
gentleman. "I am going down to the village on
the sea shore. I'm tired of seeing eager, nig-
ger! I want to see some white folks!" "But
you are doing well here!" "Oh, very well. I
have four slaves who make palm leaf hats," re-
sponded Mary. "You emancipated, to have
slaves in your own land?" "O, yes," said she,
with great sympathy, "must do as they do in
Old Virginia."

A physician going down Regent street with a
friend of his, said to him, "let us avoid that pre-
tly little woman you see there on the left! She
knows me, and cast on me looks of indignation;
I attended her husband—'" "Ah! I understand;
you had the misfortune to dis-temper him." "On
the contrary," replied the doctor, "I saved him."

Somebody let off the following on the mar-
riage of Mr. John Rush to Miss. Sarah Can-
ter:

"When Cupid did this maden banter,
On Ilyon's course to take a brash,
At first she went it with a *Conte*,
But now she goes it with a *Rush*."

MARRIED.

On the 27th inst., by Judge Goodwin, Mr. Jons
S. SULLIVAN to Miss REBECCA J. McMANNA,
both of this county.

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